

Mail Blog

Cortney Cassidy

JAN 23 2021



Mail Blog is a free blog sent in the mail, established in January 2020. Happy anniversary to Mail Blog. Trades or donations are happily accepted.

To limit material waste, notify me if:

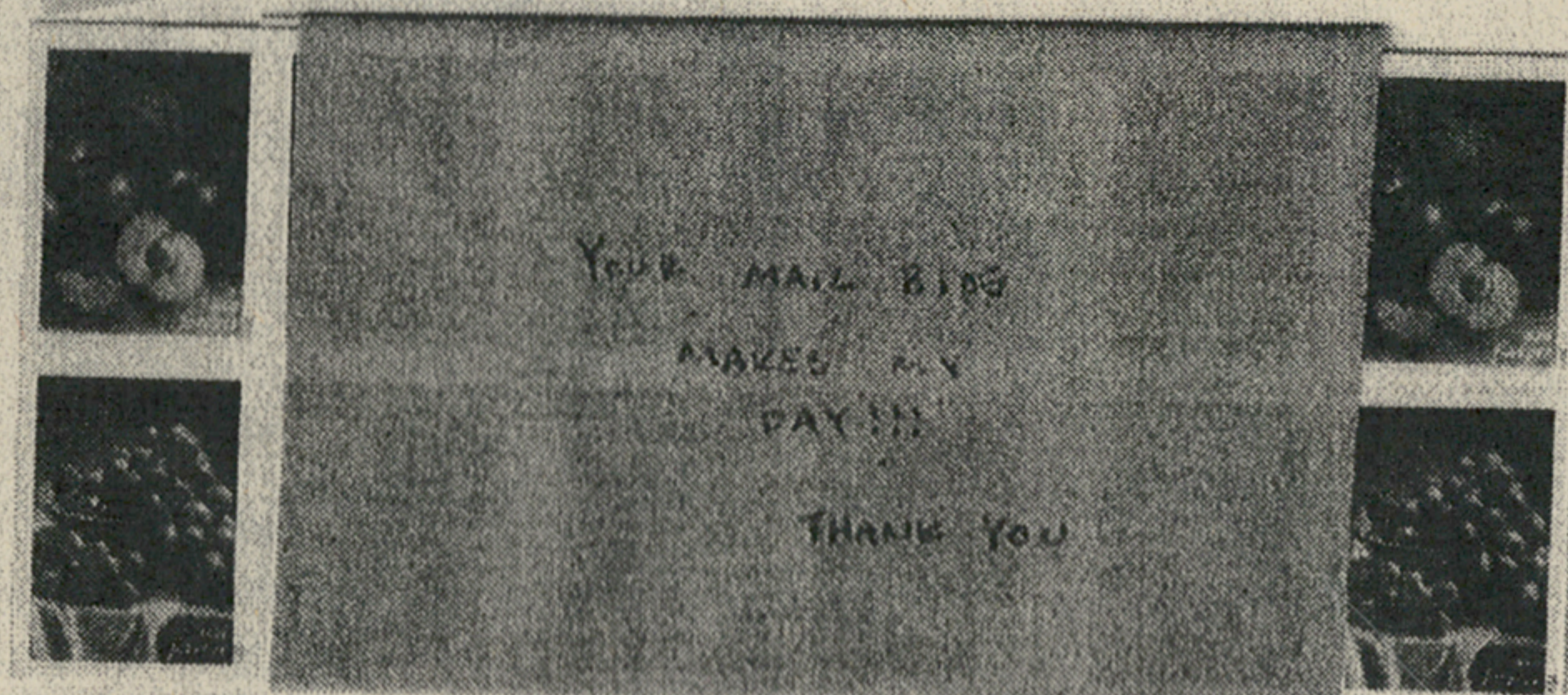
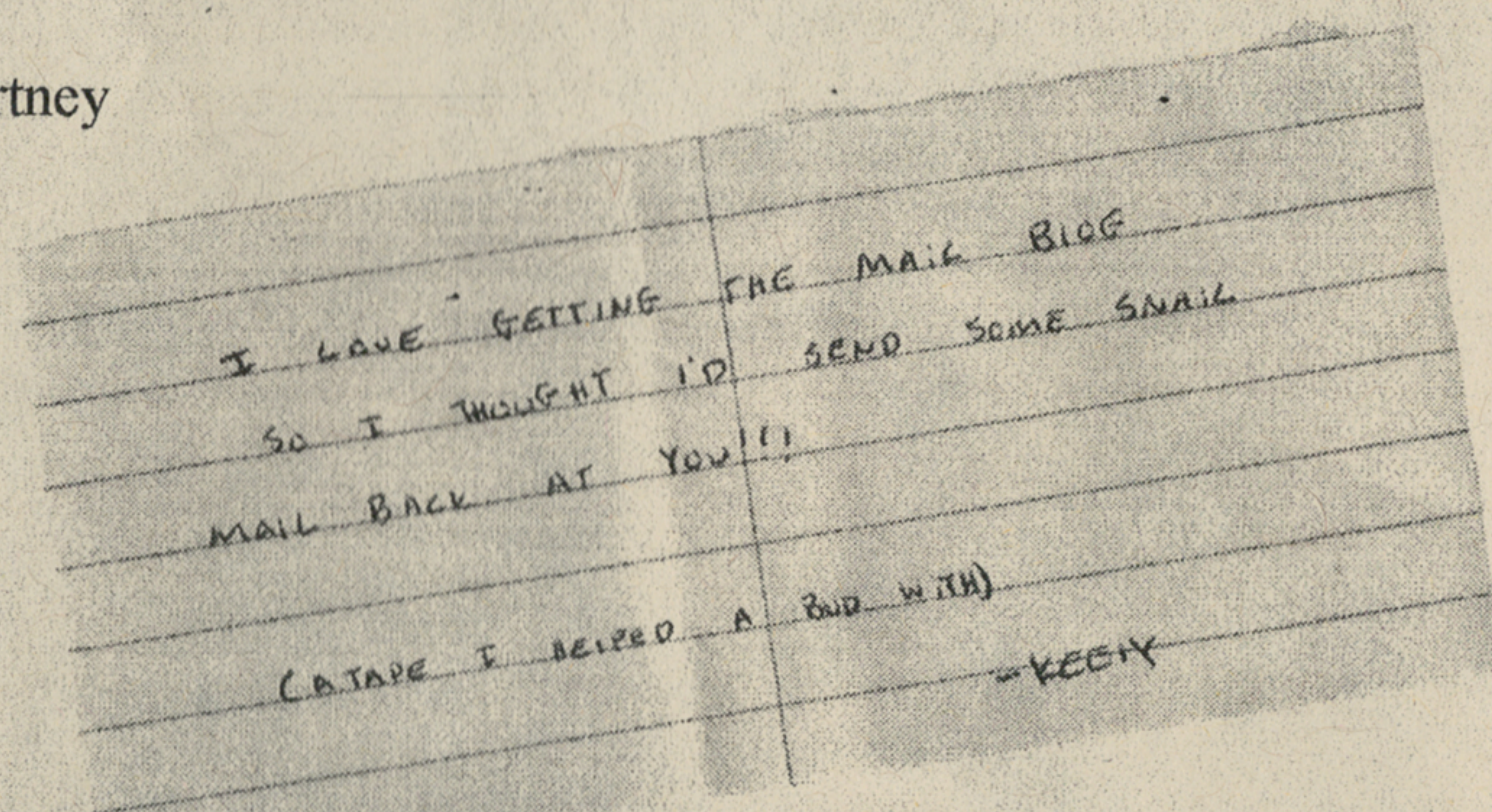
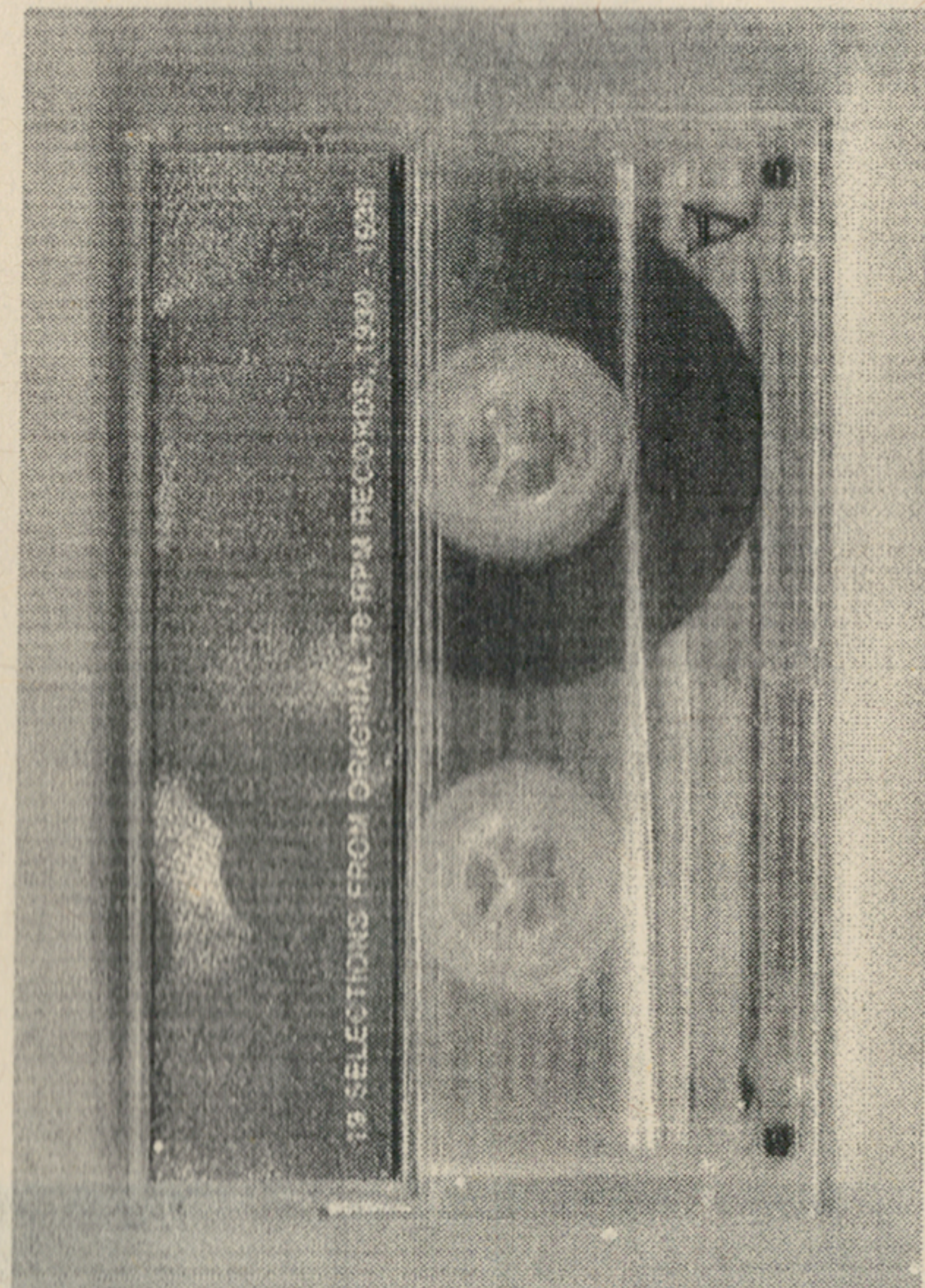
...you wish to be removed from the mailing list.

...you move and still wish to receive Mail Blog.

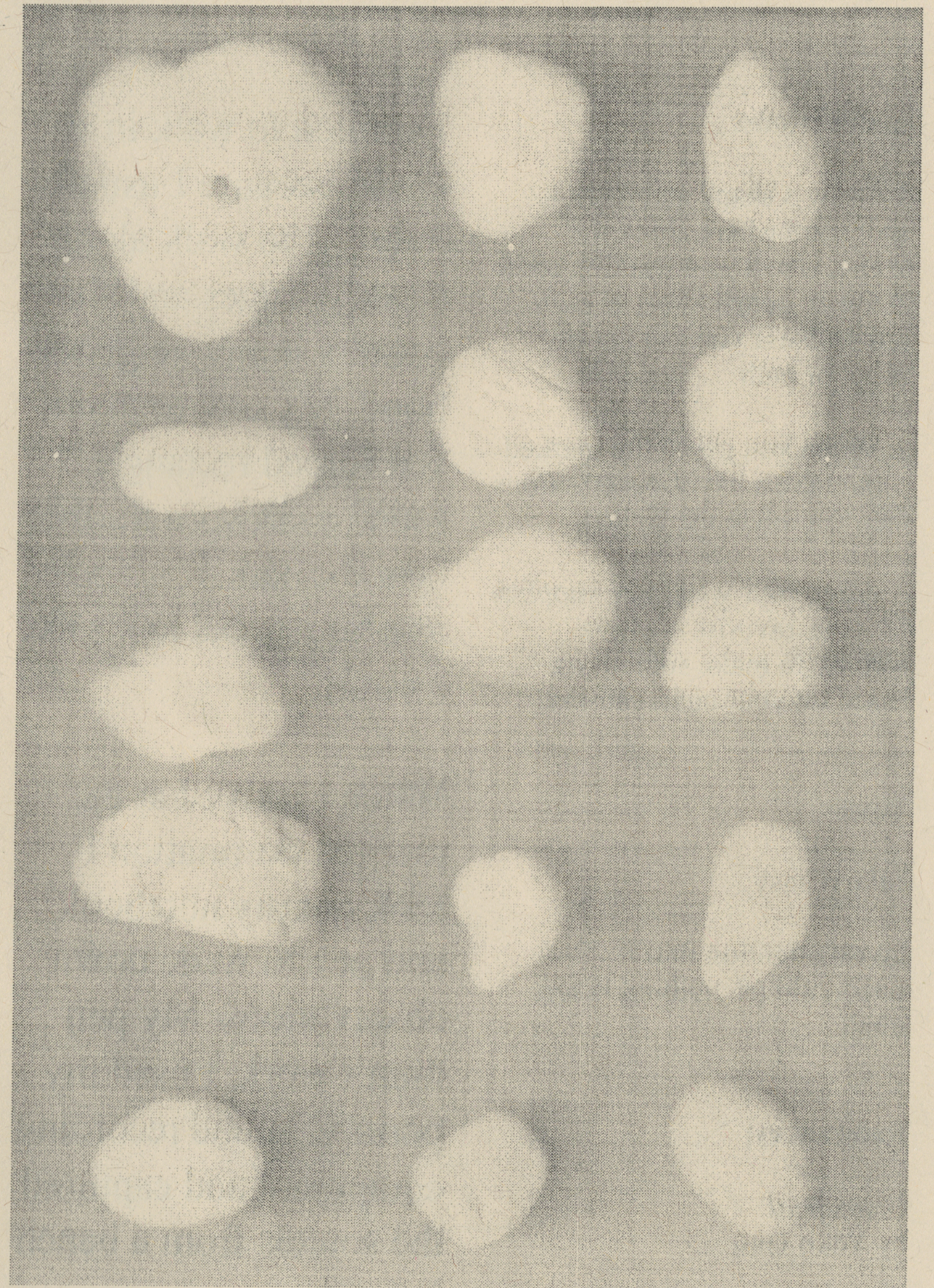
When Mail Blogs are returned to sender, I will pause on sending future issues to you until I receive a new mailing address.

Thank you for reading!

Cortney



Rock collection



I wish I could collaborate with Georgia O'Keeffe's rock collection in which there are over 3,000 rocks, if I remember correctly.

Time

&

Space

*An exercise I put together
for my coworkers*

Instructions:

1. Draw a shape and mark a spot somewhere along the shape. Use it as a walking route along an actual street or path. Improvise if you run out of street or path.
2. When you get to the marked spot make a list of observations, then complete the walk.
3. After your walk, use supplies for your favorite creative activity to make something based on your observations.

Tips:

Take it easy

Invest attention into surroundings, nothing is too small.

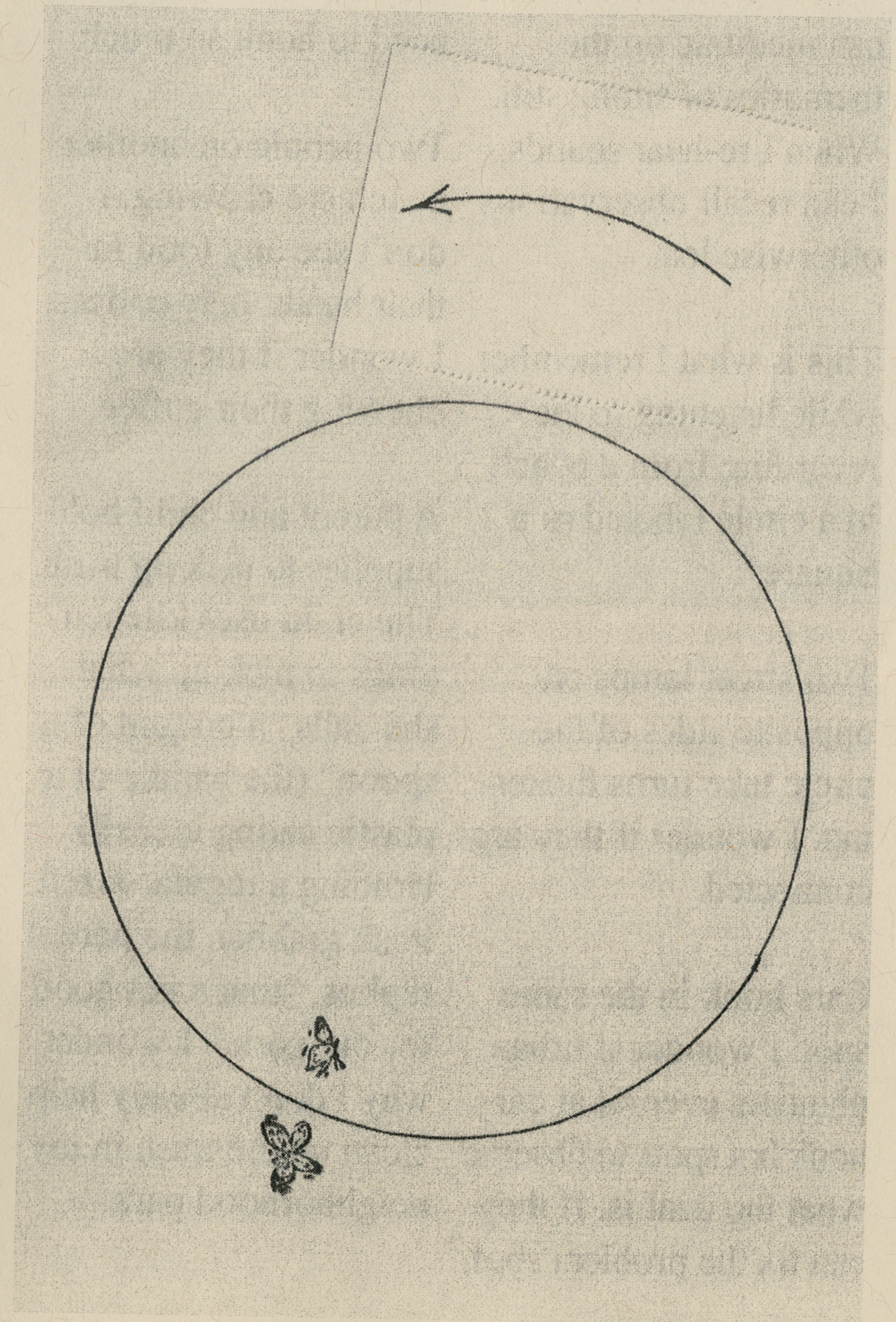
References:

Grapefruit
by Yoko Ono

How to Do Nothing
by Jenny Odell

I wanted to walk in a circle because I usually only get to walk along straight edges and sharp corners in my neighborhood. My environment is a forced rectangle. I found a circle on the map near the park. It's labeled as a Square but looks like a circle.

When I arrived at the marked destination I took out my notebook and pen to write down observations. My pen didn't work. I used my portable sound recording equipment and captured the sounds from a bench instead.



I capture recordings so I can meditate on the memories of sitting still. When I re-hear sounds, I can recall observations otherwise lost.

This is what I remember while listening to the recording from a bench in a circle labeled as a Square:

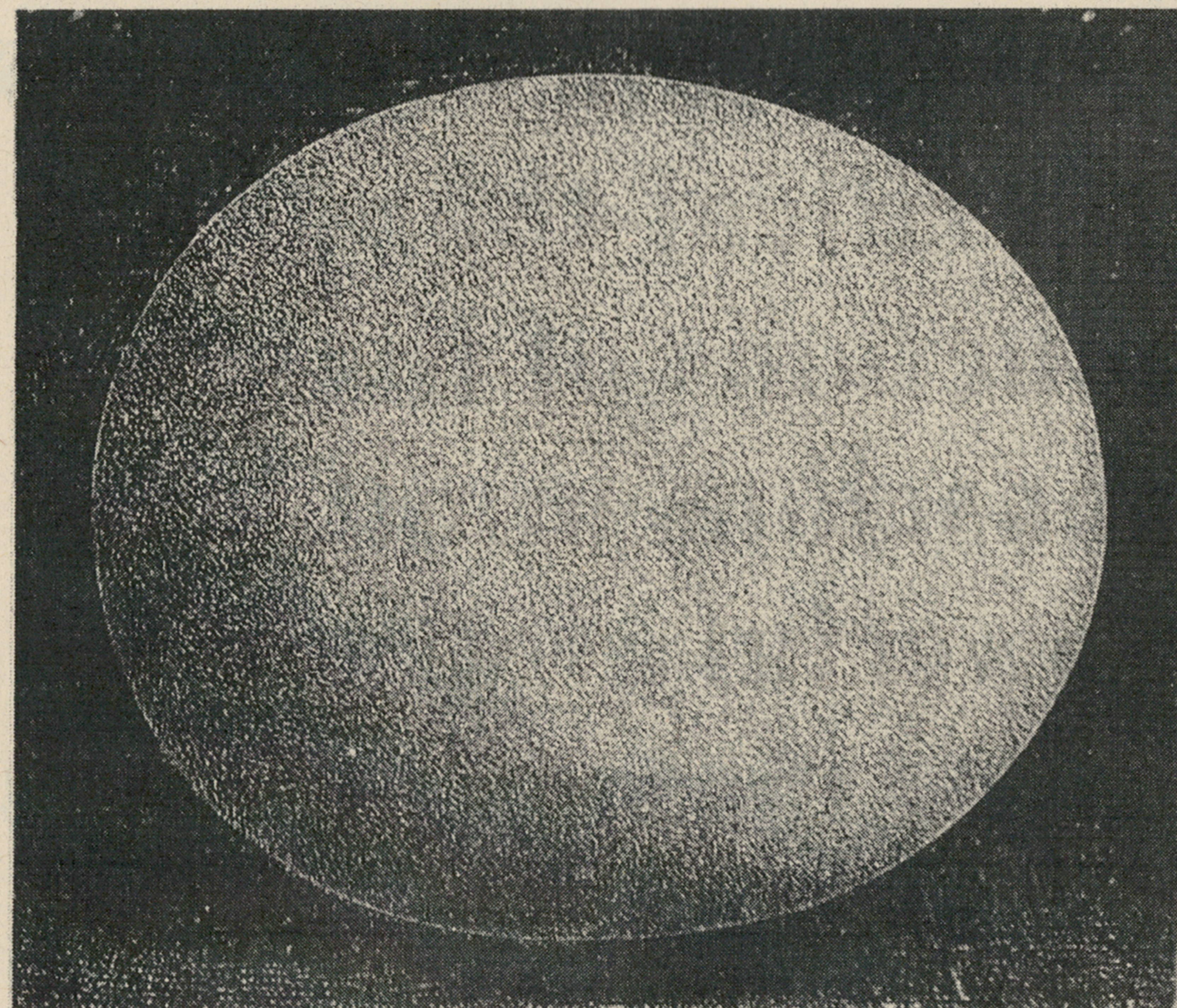
Two street lamps on opposite sides of the circle take turns flickering. I wonder if they are connected.

Cars honk in the same spot. I wonder if urban planners ever sit at car-honk hot spots to observe what the deal is. If they can fix the problem spot,

they should. Cars don't need to honk so much.

Two people on another bench are chewing. I don't see any food in their hands, only coffees. I wonder if they are chewing their coffee.

A parent and child hold supplies to pick up trash. The child uses kitchen tongs to pick up what she calls "a bottom of a spoon" (the handle of a plastic eating utensil). Holding a regular-sized trash grabber, the parent replies, "that's not good for our park." I wonder why I don't already help clean up the trash in my neighborhood park.



"So much of the writing happens when you are seemingly not working, made by that part of yourself you may not know and do not control..."

Rebecca Solnit
Recollections of My Nonexistence

"I have time to think. That is the greatest luxury. I have time to be."

May Sarton
Journal of a Solitude

(I can't stop quoting Rebecca Solnit.)

**Underneath the layers
of critical-thought
functions of the
conscious mind lay a
powerful awareness
called the subconscious
mind.**

on Pierre Janet (Wikipedia: Subconscious)

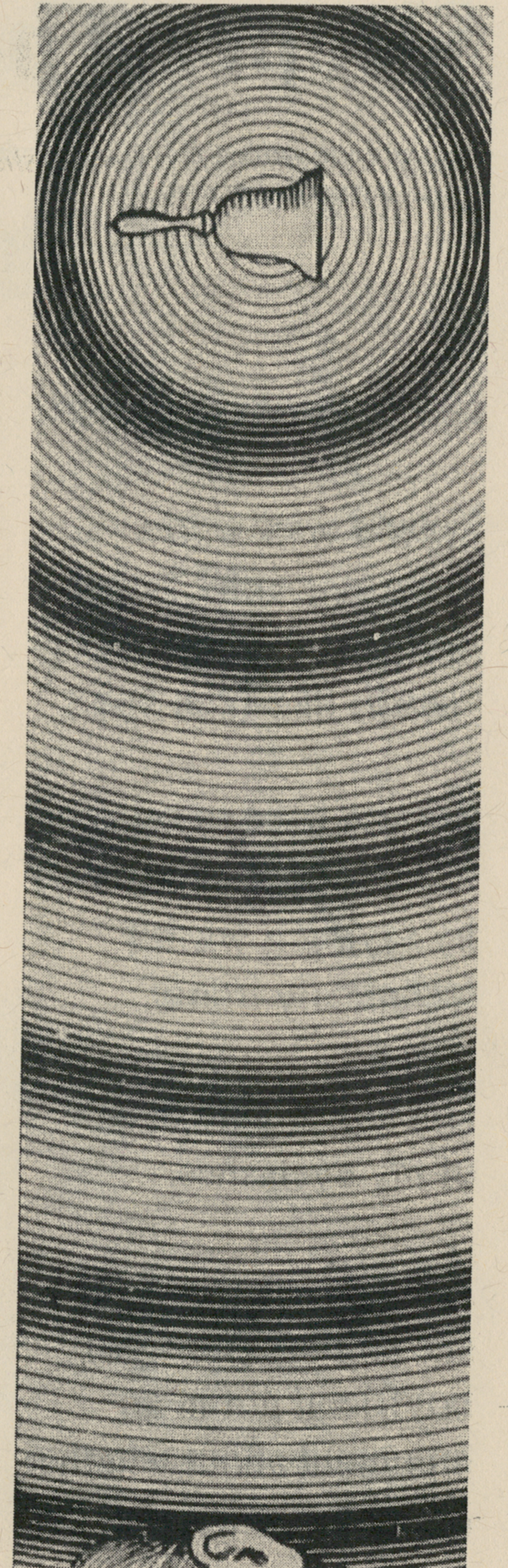
MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

**Any book learned in one reading.
Mind Wandering cured.
Speaking without notes.**

**Physiological noise is
merely heard and is felt
subconsciously as the
vibrations of the noise
(sound) waves physically
interact with the body**

**Psychological noise is
actively listened to. It is
perceived as our con-
scious awareness shifts
its attention to that noise.**

from *The Responsibility
of Forms: Critical
Essays on Music, Art
and Representation*
by Roland Barthes



Sleeper Thoughts

Urgent realizations that have flashed across my thought space while trying to fall asleep.

I'm a pre-covid shut-in.

I could walk into a drugstore, sniff Teen Spirit deodorant and say "smells like Teen Spirit."

Society tried to bring Alannis Morissette down by saying it wasn't technically ironic.

Uncomfortably aware of my eyelashes.

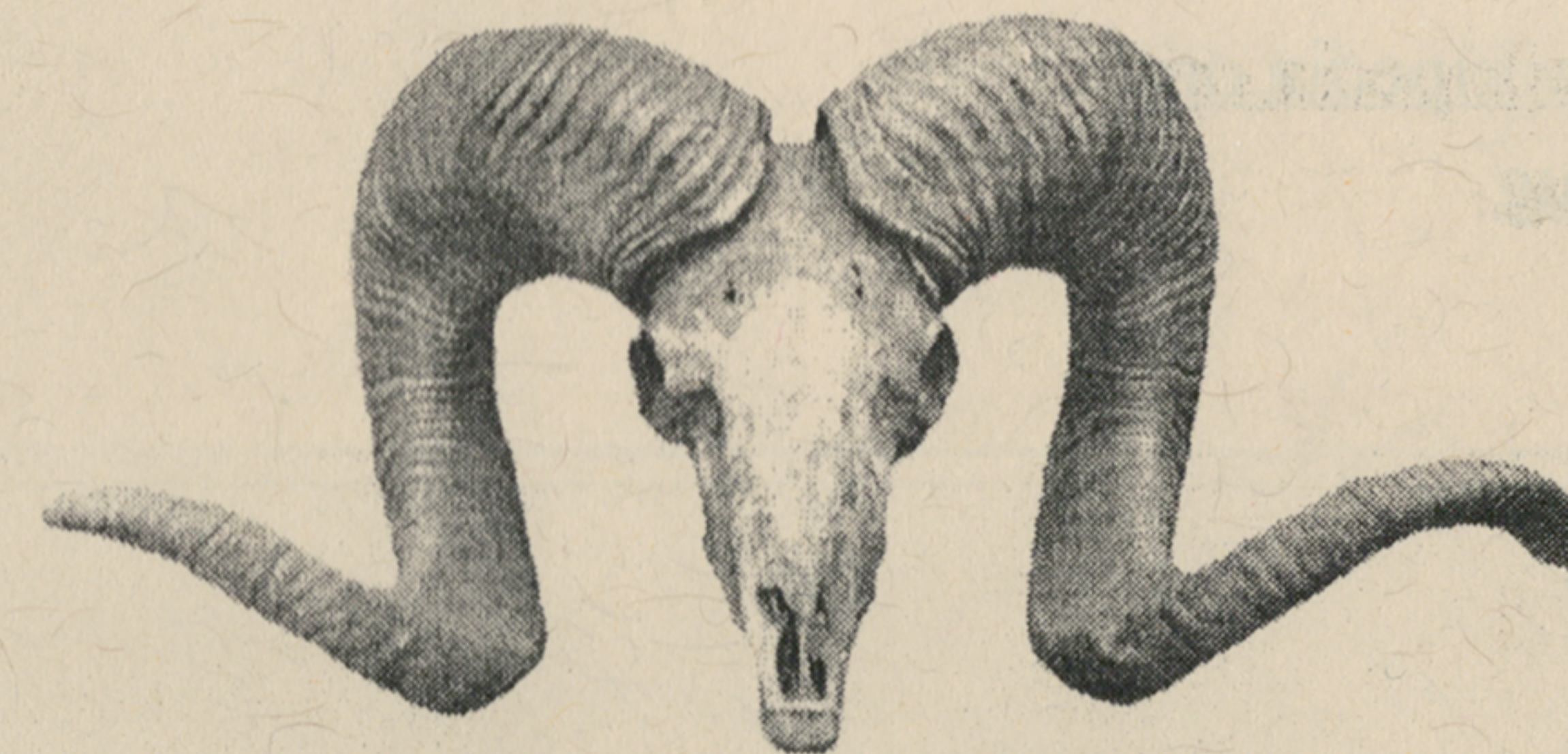
A friend once told me she and her (now ex) boyfriend got in an argument about whether or not I was a real artist.

My former eighty-something landlord, Dick Stone—who wore too much cologne and kissed me on the lips when I was moving out—rotting in his grave.

Practice-explaining my hair and hair history to a stylist at an appointment that isn't even scheduled yet.

I'm not weak, I'm terrified.

I'm not living the life I'm emotionally structured to live.

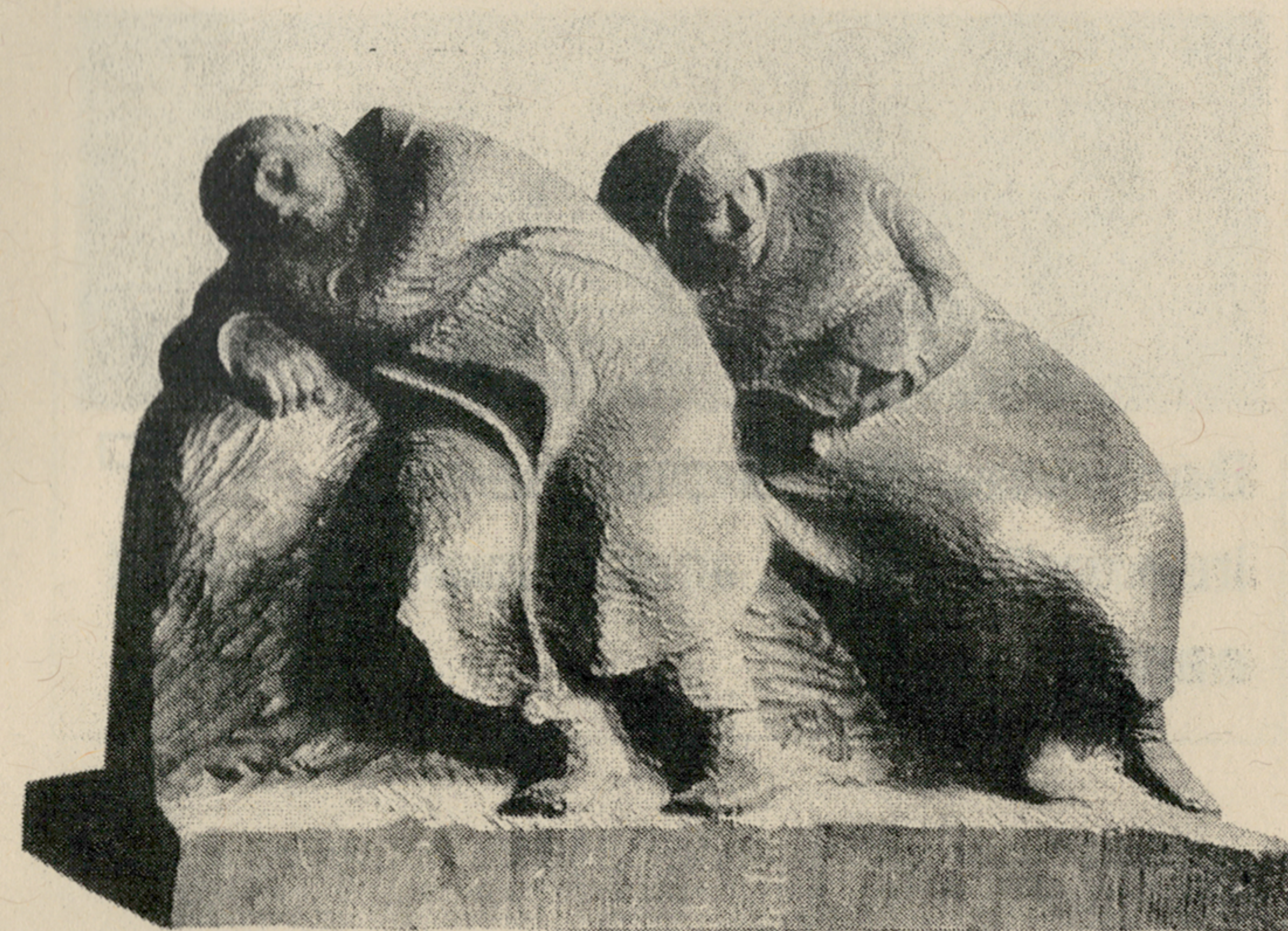


I have never seen a photo of my mother pregnant. She was either not coveting her motherhood and/or didn't want to document the weight gain.

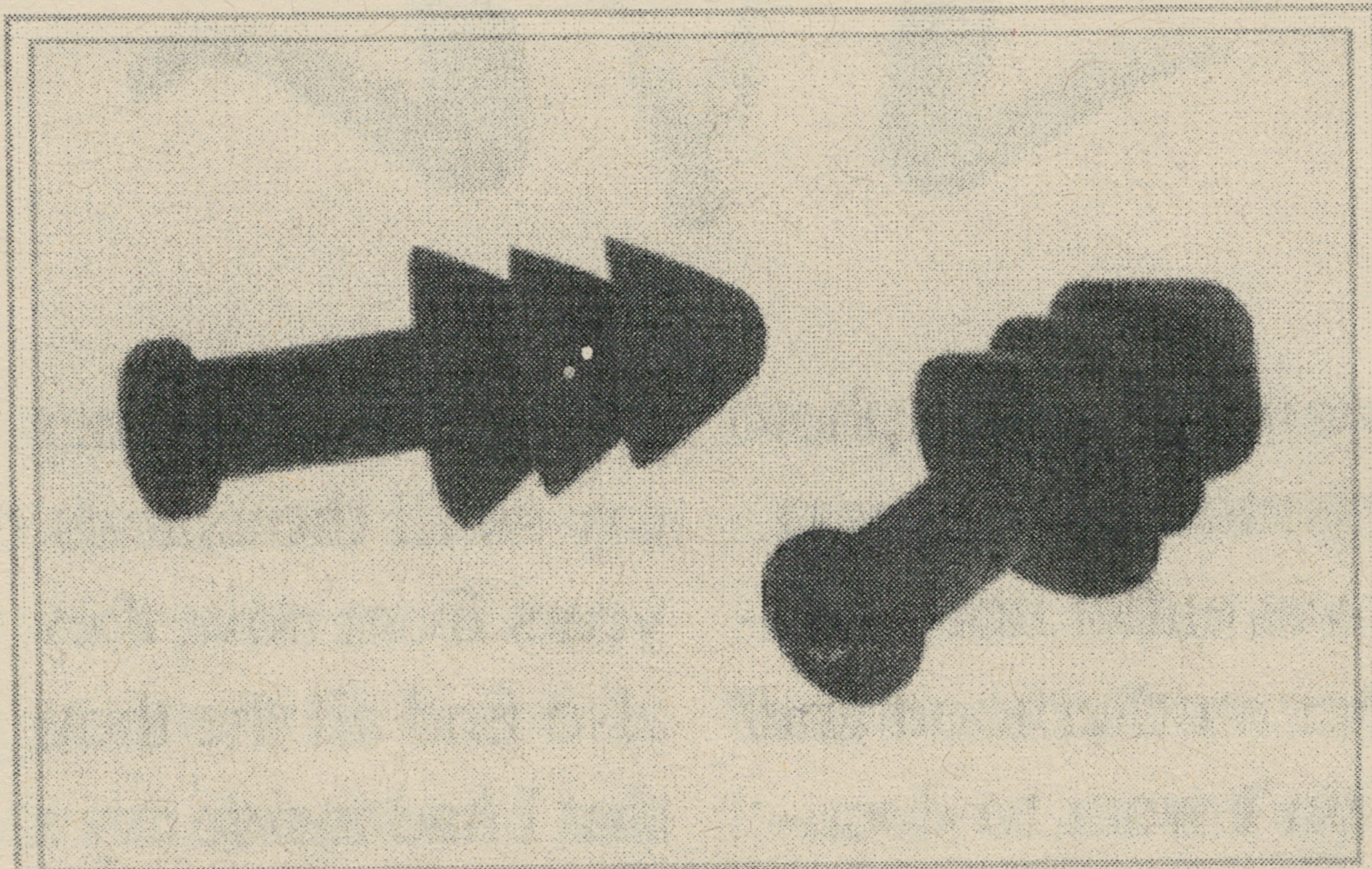
I'll never know my date-of-death date.

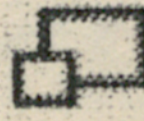
I hope that when they find my skull thousands of years from now, they will also find all the thoughts that I had inside my skull.

Thinking feels bigger than the limits of mortality. And time.



<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Earplug>



Earplugs can be used to protect the user's ears from loud noises. 



Badly-inserted earplug, semi-inserted earplug, and properly-inserted earplug 